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The secret of a smile

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She came to me with a smiling and bright face, inviting me to a religious ceremony that is held up every year. The best sheikhs and lecturers are invited to deliver lectures in that ceremony. The things that attracted my attention were her young age, the smile of contentment in her eyes, and her overwhelming happiness while she was describing zealously the number of attendants of that annual ceremony. She could see that look in my eyes and hear the questions that jammed in my mind.

She said to me smiling: Do not be surprised because I was not zealous few years ago and I was like the rest of girls these days. I did not care but for myself, what I feel, how to feel happy, and how everybody cuddles me. I used to shortcut the world in friends:



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their jokes and their interesting chats which filled my life with joy, imagining that I was walking in the way of my happiness.

It was a life that I spent within myself, listening only to its noise, clamor, and its endless demands. I did not care much for those who lived as poor, or died groaning without having a medication, or left behind hungry children.

I felt sadness, yes, but for moments then I returned to a loud psychological call causing me to forget fast.

I did not care for worries because I was not created for them?

My mother had an incurable disease that surprised everyone then few months later she was gone leaving behind all sadness that settled in my heart; the heart which got used to joys. Is that the true worldly life: a short time and you are gone?

While I was in that condition, I saw her in one of the religious sessions that I used to attend after the death of my mother. Perhaps she was solacing me or answering those questions that I missed concerning religious matters.

I saw her moving like a beautiful butterfly organizing traffic, guiding them to their seats, and distributing to them tapes and pamphlets along with a smile on her childish face and her eyes were filled with enthusiasm. I approached and asked her: what is your occupation?

She answered smilingly: I am a volunteer.

I came out of the lecture with her image in my mind after I had known the truth. From



that point on, I decided to recognize the constituents of that occupation that brings about happiness and content for anyone.

Now dear, did you know the secret of my smile?

Hana' Rashad
Alukah website

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